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The City's One Big Job and the Man to Do It.

"The Evening Post," which is supporting Mr. McAneny, says that he believes there will be five big jobs before the next Mayor of this city:

"The establishment of a systematic and constructive plan of city building, in the broad sense of the phrase; improvement of general living conditions; revision of the finances; reorganization and betterment of the administration of the police and the inferior courts that deal with crime, and last, but not most important, revision of the city charter."

Some of these "big jobs" may be brushed aside as not worth considering in picking a candidate who is qualified for Mayor. A city plan has been talked of for years. It probably will be talked of for years to come. If it ever becomes an actuality it will be the work of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, not of the Mayor alone. Many attempts have been made to revise the charter. When it is revised the Legislature will do the revising. The Mayor lacks authority.

"Improvement of general living conditions" is a fine big phrase. Everybody uses it. Everybody sympathizes with the ideal. Very little is accomplished in a single administration, and that little is largely the work of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. "Revision of the finances" is no one man's work. The Mayor may do something through his heads of departments. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment may do more.

This leaves only police reform, of the "five big jobs," the one pressing issue before the city to-day, and the only one of Mr. McAneny's five whose solution is solely dependent on the Mayor. We may have a good Board of Estimate and Apportionment and the police administration may be rotten. This administration has shown that.

There is only one outstanding issue which every one will recognize as vital and pressing. It is impossible to lose this "big job" of cleaning up the police among a lot of other "big jobs." It is impossible to cover it with words or make the public lose sight of it. It is impossible to distract attention from it with talk of charter revision, city plans, improvement of living conditions or revision of finances.

There it stands, and it makes the other "big jobs" look mighty little. It has been the city's big job since Lexow days, twenty years ago. It will be the city's big job twenty years from now if men with no more qualification for performing it than Mr. McAneny has are elected Mayor.

The city has never got far with its big job because it has never had the man for it. It now has the man for it in District Attorney Whitman. Men may try to confuse the issue by pretending that other little two-by-four jobs are as big as this job. Self-appointed reformers may pretend to select candidates, but the people know what the big job is and they know the man to do it.

China Drifting Upon the Rocks.

China has now practically surrendered Outer Mongolia to Russia, the "polite fiction" of a "buffer state" being maintained for a time merely to "save face." Tibet, of course, goes to Great Britain. Now a number of the great southern provinces are organizing a revolution, the object of which is the establishment of an independent republic.

Meantime Yuan Shih-kai as a mere Provisional President has no power to check these processes, and the National Assembly or Parliament persists in an interminable talkfest and neglects either to elect a President or to adopt a constitution.

When such a craft, with so little structural coherence, goes full tilt upon the rocks it is not likely to get off again, at least under its own flag.

Still Looting the Foreign Service.

In unpleasant contrast with the nomination of a man of admirable equipment like Professor Paul S. Reinsch as Minister to China is the raid which the State Department is making on various Latin American posts at present filled by promotions from the lower ranks of the diplomatic service. The Tribune not long ago called attention to the administration's surrender to the old spoils theory in the appointment of Ministers to Cuba, Costa Rica and Nicaragua. In order to make room for men untrained in diplomatic life and owing their preference to political influence or partisan services three young Americans were displaced who had taken at its face value the government's pledge to recognize merit in the lower grades of the diplomatic corps and by promotions from the bottom up to insure a permanent career in it for those who might display special industry and ability.

It was a bad beginning for an administration supposedly loyal to the merit system and pledged to maintain it against the assaults of the hungry office-seeker. Now the State Department has committed a fourth offense against the spirit of the Executive order of November 26, 1909, encouraging recognition for merit in the corps, by forcing out Montgomery Schuyler, jr., the present Minister to Ecuador, and disposing of that post as a piece of political spoils. Mr. Schuyler had worked up from the lowest grade in the service and had qualified himself by study and experience to be a capable diplomat. It was an unpardonable blow at efficiency and stability in the service to displace him, since that was equivalent to giving public notice that men in the lower grades must run the risk of dismissal without cause in case they show enough capacity to rise to the rank of minister or ambassador.

Under Mr. Cleveland's second administration Josiah Quincy won an unenviable notoriety as the "looter" of the foreign service. But there were then no orders or precedents warning off the spoils-men. One of the most striking evidences of the development of sounder ideas since that time has been the general recognition at Washington that maintaining a foreign service chiefly for purposes

of political patronage is an insult to the nation's intelligence. Is the Wilson administration willing to go back to Quincyism in its demoralizing use of the service to pay paltry political debts?

Arbitration or Repudiation?

Nothing more stultifying or more likely to abase America in international esteem could easily be imagined than an application of the principles which Mr. Bryan sets forth in his latest note to Japan.

It has been this country's pride that modern arbitration was first advocated here, by Franklin and Hamilton; that in our Treaty of Washington it had its first great use; and that it has been resorted to by us more than by any other nation. Mr. Bryan has himself been proclaiming at countless Chautauques the gospel of peace through arbitration, and has made or renewed various arbitration treaties.

Yet now the world is told that it really is not worth while to arbitrate disputes with the United States, because the awards will be of no effect unless they can be enforced by litigation; wherefore instead of seeking an impartial international tribunal it is better to be content with an appeal to our own courts. And to this it is added that no treaty of any kind with this country is binding beyond the will of any individual state.

The relationship between national treaties and state legislation is not fully defined, and it may involve some delicate and difficult problems. But the American people will refuse to believe that it imposes upon us a *non possumus* which would pillory America as the one nation whose pledged faith was false and whose treaty obligations were subject to repudiation.

The Final Test for the Davis Cup.

Our brilliant American tennis team made a clean sweep of its matches against both the German and Canadian teams—a fairly notable achievement in itself. It now meets Great Britain in the challenge round for the Davis Cup, and a fine tussle is in prospect, with the chances well in our favor.

The only cloud on our prospects is the apparent "in-and-out" form which the "marvellous McLoughlin," as the London papers delight to call him, has been displaying of late. He seems to have gone stale as a result of the long Wimbledon tournament and not to have found his top form since. He had enough in reserve to cope with the best of Germany and Canada. But the British team is another matter.

Parke, Dixon, Roper-Barrett and Gore are the four named, and though none of them is capable of the rare pace which Wilding struck in his victory over McLoughlin there is a host of wise, sound tennis men among them. Long experience is back of the team, and an off-day on the part of any of our youngsters is certain to be taken advantage of. There is the additional fact that the English doubles team—probably Dixon and Roper-Barrett—has a clear advantage over our men and is likely to score at least this one point for Great Britain.

Great tennis is in store this week. And the Davis Cup is surely in graver danger of fitting from the empire than it has been since it left these shores, ten years ago.

The Spanish Flag First.

The widespread approval of the suggestion in these columns that a vessel bearing the Spanish flag should go first of all through the Panama Canal encourages the hope that the government may be persuaded to adopt that gracious course, and to do so, moreover, with supreme felicity, on the "Balboa Day" which is elsewhere to be so greatly celebrated.

There is, perhaps, not time now to construct a reproduction of one of Balboa's caravels, but some suitable vessel could be found and sent from Spain to serve the purpose.

On that day the world will be celebrating one of the greatest achievements in geographical exploration and discovery. Surely the isthmus of Panama above all other regions on the globe should share in that commemoration. And in no way could that be done more impressively than in that which we have suggested.

Travel.

When you travel do you look for that with which you are most familiar already? That is at least better than setting out to verify all the bromide generalizations of your predecessors—the slowness of Spanish railway trains, the sameness of British breakfasts. But since a vacation is supposed to imply some kind of a change, why shouldn't we travel this summer with a determination to be open-minded, trying to be impressed by what really is the fact, without reference to *a priori* misconceptions?

Many Anglo-American travellers in Latin countries assume that those countries are notable for volatile qualities and sexual irregularity; they are seldom disappointed in discovering that the French (substitute Italians, Spaniards, Argentines, according to your travel route) are, indeed, superficial, effeminate and grossly immoral. Yet the most intelligent traveller in the world is very often the dupe of an accident, a coincidence, into which he reads all the significance of a Browning poem. He may, and often does, accept the anomaly as the type. We remember an Englishman at Pau who positively insisted that all American women worth a million or more dollars had their teeth set with diamonds. He wasn't jesting, either; he swore that he had seen an American heiress so bedecked, and the vision made him sure of his ground. But this traveller's wise ignorance is no more striking than that of the traveller whose first impression of some land or nationality conflicts with the truth of the ages, and who ever after distorts all history, science, art and politics in order to substantiate and document his great discovery. The influence of the Chestertonian paradox is active here. A journalistic friend of ours ate an indigestible dinner on the occasion of his second visit to Paris, and argued rather hotly with his travelling companion as to the word sabotage and whether it was in any way associated with the word savaite. His disgust at these little incidents had the effect of depressing him, and he straightaway turned off an article for British review entitled "The Misery of Paris," demonstrating to his own satisfaction that life in that capital was a torture to any one of fine instincts; that the Lutetian repete for good cookery was a hollow jest; that the accommodation for travellers was execrable, even in the Rue Castiglione; that the French name for courtesy was deserved neither in the twentieth century nor any other; that the scholarship of the Sorbonne was beneath contempt; that even the most highly respected newspapers were absolutely purchasable; that there was no more French acting worth the price of a ticket *au troisième*; that the entire French army could not conceivably face even a squadron of

Mexican Federals without flinching—and so many points besides that we have forgotten them.

That friend was paid five pound sterling for his little article, and bought a ticket to Geneva, whence he wrote a long account of Swiss mountain climbing (whose risks he ridiculed). Two days after he had posted the article he lost his life in a crevasse; yet our friend was always sincere and tried to be just in his articles, and it was only as a traveller that he proved an utter failure.

America has long figured as "the land of the dollar." To-day the country is rediscovered by Europeans as idealism's native heath. Pretty soon Americans will, perhaps, really believe themselves past masters of aesthetic as well as ethic; for nowadays it is the fashion for artists journeying *outre-mer* to clap America on the back as the home of a new architecture. A few more white lies spoken by polite guests of ours (more polite certainly than Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens), and we will believe them ourselves, and set about convincing the rest of the world. Literature—nowadays it is journalism—has a great deal to do with establishing national types and customs. It was only because writers made France out to be the home of gallantry (both meanings, please) that Frenchmen became the lovers of Europe. American hustle is an equally "literary" tradition. Many a New York business man runs up the subway steps and jostles fellow pedestrians on the pavement, only to relax in a swivel chair, place his feet on the desk, light a cheap cigar and devise ways of wasting time ostentatiously enough to live up to the convention.

If the anti-smoke ordinance is void, some of the smoke isn't.

Apparently the merit system "doesn't go" in this administration's foreign service.

AS I WAS SAYING

Now it is Mr. Julian Street who has been and gone and done it. Listen while we read aloud:

"Of her picturesqueness, Shelley Wickett became strongly aware when he first met her. Being a New Yorker, he first noticed her gown. It was fashioned from that fabric most admired by men—black velvet."

Whoa, Julian! After this, there will not be a square inch of black velvet left at large anywhere on the earth's surface. You have annihilated an entire industry, and you know how vindictive these great corporations are when hit where they live.

Oh, yes, we have heard the romantic whopper about women's dressing to please men. Do, do they? Then why those hooks? Surely you must have seen that equestrian bronze general, over yonder in Boston, and the inscription on the pedestal, "Hooker." Rarely has so much agonized humiliation been compressed into one word.

And just risk a glance at the current modes. Are they designed to please men? Quite the contrary! We are half dead with wrath and fright, and, by George, it is no accident, either!

So, you see, it looks dark indeed for the Black Velvet Trust and consequently for the rash author who has sealed the doom of black velvet by calling it "the fabric most admired by men." Fly, Julian! Scoot! Cut for the tall timber while it is yet day!

Our entire spiritual nature rises up to applaud the General Fire Extinguisher Company's decision to remove from Providence, Amen! It amounts almost to a confession of faith.

It is awful about Mexico. There sits President Wilson, a student of government all his days, yet cannot recognize this glaring instance. Needs spectacles, we infer, so hasten to recommend that trusty pair, Señors Huerta and Carranza.

The last vestiges of our confidence in Dr. Friedman vanished when his recipe came out. Microbes, well and good; but think of a German introducing water into the human system!

Meanwhile, however, we have come more and more to trust the As I Was Saying cure. Behold our discharged patient, Mr. Mellen! Before taking, a confirmed railway president. After taking, oh, marvellous! Able to be about the streets even in broad daylight. And only see how the young lady on the cover of "McClure's" has freshened up! Quite a bounce this time, though we must admit that we have not wholly succeeded in quelling her mental symptoms. Stubborn case, this. Give us another month and we shall hope to complete the cure.

Pierce and hot rages the wild fiction contest at "Collier's," and there is jocular activity among the illiterate. Manuscripts pour in from persons who "betray unfamiliarity with the pen as a means of any kind of communication." Indeed, it appears that the vision of sudden wealth has inspired the type of bromide who remarks, condescendingly, "I, too, would write, if my time were not so valuable."

You see what ails our "mute, inglorious Miltons." They resemble the pugilists. It takes a simply revolting sum of money to get them started. For you must not think of a pugilist as a restless, turbulent, bellicose spirit, ever crying, "—! Leave me at him!" No, beloved, he is the original and, on the whole, the most trustworthy Dove of Peace.

With a merry honk! honk! they are off—for a day of it, they say. You wonder, though. Adieu on the dock are nothing to this, as liners go prepared. So it is a luxury to report the wise measures taken by our neighbor, Mr. Fairbanks, who has sent his touring car to the shipyard for a thorough overhauling. What with wireless and with emergency motorcycles hanging from davits at either side of the car, he hopes to feel as secure as if sailing by the Neutrotic.

Tut, tut, F. P. A.! It is true that "Punch" prints this mythical treasure:

Excited Old Lady gas express thunders through station: "Oh, porter! Doesn't that train stop here?" Patient Porter: "No, lady, it don't even hesitate." And it is doubtless true that the mythical treasure dates from several centuries before the year Goodness Knows When. But jumping on "Punch" is dangerous. Next you know, you will frighten "Tit-Bits," which consists solely of American chestnuts and is therefore worth a month's board every year to our native humorists.

The young idea is great on history in Brooklyn, where "The Daily Enterprise" has been collecting schoolboys' answers to the question, "What is your favorite character in American history, and why?" A sample:

"The redoubtful John Paul Jones, who said, 'We'll lick the British or bust,' and then went and did it." We like "redoubtful." We thought it just the word when they dug up John Paul and fetched him over, And, burrowing into our heart, we discover that we still do!

EVEN MORTIFIED.

From The Philadelphia North American.
Cheese, we learn as part of our lesson this morning, is now cured by electricity. We have seen cheese that must have been shocked dreadfully.

AND SOME WALL STREET GOATS.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.
Over 3,000,000 animals were slaughtered in New York last year, but at that a lot of asses managed to make their getaway.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER—If density on the bench were only unconstitutional, too!

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

THIS MADDENING TOWN

Appeal Is Made for a Suppression of Needless Noise.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The Tribune editorial of Tuesday on New York uproar encourages me to appeal to the Mayor to enforce the ordinance against needless noise.

Were the ordinances enforced New York would be improved for such of us as are obliged to dwell in town.

I will appeal to the owners of automobiles to observe the ordinance against the use of the cut out in the city streets. I will appeal also to the companies operating taxicabs to abate the uproar caused by the cut out.

Why should the Mayor not interest himself in the enforcement of ordinances intended to protect the health of the people against noise? A Mayor who would subdue the maddening roar of New York would be a blessing to every citizen.

ELMER LEE, M. D.
New York, July 18, 1913.

INTERVENTION IN MEXICO

None of Our Business to Enforce Peace There, Asserts a Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: By what just warrant, on what moral grounds, can the United States intermeddle with Mexican affairs, however muddled?

The business of our government is to maintain an equitable public order within the territory of its jurisdiction, but not elsewhere. Its forcible interference in Mexico would be incompatible with that order, involving the imposition of inequitable burdens upon the people of this country, the great majority of whom have little interest in the ventures which some have chosen to make in Mexico.

When our citizens shall come to understand that they must look to the Mexican government alone for protection of investments they hazard in its territory, and that this government will no longer undertake to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, we shall have little trouble with Mexico and Mexico will have less with herself.

JOHN SHERWIN CROSBY.
New York, July 18, 1913.

A WATERWAY OF EMPIRE

For Which the Servians Are Fighting in the Vardar Valley.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Telegrams from Europe have appeared in American newspapers, notably in "The New York Sun" of last Sunday, July 13, headed "New Balkan War Waged for Control of Vardar Valley, Serbia's Outlet to the Sea. Servians Fight for Opportunity to Construct Ship Canal from the Danube to the Aegean."

May I ask the courtesy of your columns for a clear statement of the matter somewhat variously referred to in those dispatches? They concern the Danube-Aegean Canal, a work of large international commercial importance initiated and carried to its present stage wholly and entirely by my husband, Prince Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich, and Servian engineers under the direction of the most distinguished of all Servian engineers, Professor Stamenkovich, of Belgrade University, whom my husband engaged for that purpose. This work has formed the object of my husband's efforts for over ten years.

The Danube-Aegean Canal, through the rivers Elbe, Rhine, Oder, Danube, the Servian river Morava and the Serbo-Greek river Vardar, will form a direct waterway from the Baltic and the North seas to the Aegean, shortening the route from Hamburg and all other ports on those waters to Suez by over 1,500 miles. Its enormous commercial value to all European and Central Europe is self-evident.

dent—a fact which led my husband to put forth the scheme with full confidence, though his chief object in the undertaking was the economic development and liberation of Serbia from Austria-Hungary. The dispatches have erroneously mentioned American engineers as having made the reports. That confusion of statement is, due, no doubt, to the fact that Prince Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich, for the purposes exclusively of his canal project, incorporated the "American Engineering Company," of New Jersey, which is his individual property, as are also all of the engineering reports, surveys, maps, financial reports, project of construction, etc., and the concession from the Servian government for the preliminary work—which has still some years to run.

This great work, enhanced immeasurably in scope and value through the requirement by the Serbs of their old Serb lands, will be continued and put through to final accomplishment without delay as soon as the war comes to an end.

The American Consular and Trade Reports from the Balkans to Washington for July 7, 1913, take note of the Danube-Aegean Canal surveys and project, which are also fully elucidated with map in the appendix of the second volume of "The Servian People," by Prince and Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich, published by Charles Scribner in 1910 and 1909. The New-York Tribune was one of the newspapers which gave this subject the fullest notice, devoting to it half a page, with map illustration.

ELEANOR LAZAROVICH-HREBELANOVICH.
New York, July 17, 1913.

FROM A SMALL TRADER

He Supports the Complaint of Discrimination.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Like Mr. H. B. Hamilton, I have been penalized in trying to trade in less than one hundred shares of stock on the New York Stock Exchange and have given it up in disgust. As to Mr. Muir's statement that small lots of stock can be traded in at prices quoted on the tape, "bunk" and simply an evidence of loss of temper, proving that he knows that he is in the wrong.

The members of the Exchange have, of course, the right to scalp one-eighth, one-fourth or 1 per cent or more if they can from one another, but dealers should deal in their offices with their customers, naming the price at which they will buy or sell. As it is now, one buying ten, twenty or fifty shares has to pay one-eighth over the tape quotation and selling to take one-eighth less. This surely, in spite of Mr. Muir's special pleading, is an unfair discrimination against the small man.

ALEXANDER J. MILLS.
New York, July 19, 1913.

THE AMERICAN SABBATH

On That Day Baseball Bats Look Wild and Uncivilized to This Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: "A Presbyterian" advocating Sunday baseball! That looks somewhat sensational and defiant, but, of course, it does not mean that "every Presbyterian" in order to keep well and happy "must" play baseball on the Sabbath day. Sure, "the Sabbath was made for man," but, then, man is supposed to have a "head," as well as arms and feet. It was because of the Sabbath being made for man that the grandpapas of some of these present day Sabbath breakers would with their dearly loved Bible retire to some shady nook to search out its valued meanings, and in this manner after their six days' labor would find

"power in repose" and spiritual refreshment in quiet meditation.

Moreover, how can anything which from all points of view is right and practical be "looked back to with horror"? The former "American Sabbath" is looked back to as something that was altogether desirable and good, that was "a shining light," whereas the burning of witches was a chaotic darkness where light had not yet been created. The two have no more comparison than have darkness and light.

If the present Mayor had been so good as to advise that the American Sabbath be still remembered would "Presbyterian" also in that case have appreciated the Mayor's word? Even within the home one regrets to see the time of rest broken into by secular duties of one kind or another, but to walk out of the front door on a Sunday with baseball bats and tennis racquets looks un-American, wild and uncivilized. Isn't that true?

THIBUDEAU READER.
Brooklyn, July 18, 1913.

"LAYING" ON THE SAND

Mud Turtle English Is Properly Rebuked.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The defrauded taxpayers of Manhattan should unite in demanding that the pupils in its public schools be taught the difference between the verbs to lay and to lie. Since the beginning of the seaside season I have listened to fair (perhaps I should say sunburned) girl graduates speaking of laying in the sand until I have felt disposed to ask, "When were you transformed into turtles?"

CLARA MARSHALL.
New York, July 18, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The question as to how to spell the name of a watering place in Bohemia was submitted by a New York woman to a resident of the spa. The answer did not decide the point, but it afforded those who were interested some amusement. "The place is naming after a name which by you is Charles," says the writer. "The person will be deceiving if Carl or Karl is written. Each one is entire right. So your letter with Carlshad will come equal time as with Karlshad address. Its business people care us very little of the name how it is spelling." The evident desire on the part of the writer to be on both sides of the question was frustrated, however, by the printed letterhead, which had "Karlshad" on the date line and contained in a corner also the legend: "English spoken."

Mike—Do you believe in the recall of judges, Fat?

Fat—That I do not. The last time I was up before his honor he sez: "I recall that face. Sixty days." Am agin the recall of judges—Life.

What he calls an "effective suggestion test" is given by Professor Hugo Munsterberg in an article on "How Can We Know Ourselves?" In "The Youth's Companion," "Draw several pairs of circles," writes the psychologist, "and let your friend decide which circle in each pair is the larger. In some cases make one circle slightly larger than the other; usually, however, make the circles write a pair the same size. In each circle write a figure of two digits. That if in one you have written a 2 and in the other a 3, you will find that the circle that contains the higher number is the larger. The size of the number suggests a wrong idea about the size of the circles."

"You say your wife is an anti-suffragist?"

"Yes; she spends her time gadding around the country asserting that woman's place is the home."—Washington Herald.